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With a large Line of Holiday Novelties and Goods of various kinds that are pretty, useful and inexpensive.

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Toy Steam Engines, Gents' Traveling Cases, La Jewel Cases, Children's Fur Sets, Fancy Calendars, Dressed and Undressed Dolls, Gents' Collar and Cuff Boxes, Gents' Smoking Sets, Albums with Musical Attachments, Air Rifles for the boys, Child's Ranges, Music Rolls, Shaving Sets, Fancy Fur Sets, Steam Automobiles, Fancy Chinaware, Fur Scarves, La Fur Muffs, Military Fur Sets, Gents' Burnt Wool Hat Brushes Each in Box, Framed Pictures and Mats, Manicure Sets, Fancy Thermometers, La Umbrellas.

We Have Mentioned only a Few of the Many things We Have to Show You.

## **J. LYNCH & CO.**

330 Main Street. Dry Goods Store.

## For Home Seekers and Investors

A rapidly growing list of valuable property enables us to satisfy the diversified wants of those desiring houses as well as those on the lookout for profit-paying investments.

**FOR SALE**—Five lots, bounded by Chestnut, Mechanic and Lee streets, in the heart of desirable residence section of city, including the handsome and commodious 11-room house, with all modern conveniences and spacious grounds on corner of Chestnut and Mechanic streets. We offer the property for sale now at a very low figure. An opportunity. Call for particulars.

**FOR SALE**—Fine house on Chestnut street, between Pike and Mulberry, 8 rooms bath and pantry, lot 45x131 feet. This house situated in unsurpassed residence section. It goes cheap for cash.

**FOR SALE**—6 room house, Broad Oaks II—street, 3 minutes walk from school house and church, lot 60x130 feet. An opportunity for those seeking a comfortable home.

**FOR SALE**—77 lots in Buckhannon, good residencesites, twenty minutes walk from heart of city. \$100 to \$275 each.

**WANTED**—We have client who wants to buy dwelling in a desirable section of the city. We would be pleased to have parties owning such properties list them with us.

**WANTED**—We have also client who wants a good lot in Broad Oaks. We would be glad to have party owning such property list it with us.

**FOR SALE**—Lot No. 17 in the J. M. Wine addition to Clarksburg, 35x152 feet. \$400.00 cash. A bargain.

**FOR RENT**—Two rooms on Mechanic street, nicely furnished, hot and cold water. \$10 per month each.

**FOR RENT**—One large office in Lynch building on Court street, handsomely furnished, centrally located.

**COTTRELL & HOPKINS**

Real Estate and Insurance, 214 COURT STREET.

## NOTICE!

### Ladies of Clarksburg!

We beg to inform the Ladies of Clarksburg that the Clarksburg Installment Company has opened up a new and is ready to sell Ladies' Hats, Skirts, Suits, etc., on easy terms. We do not charge installment prices, as other installment companies do. We wish to have all our customers back again, and also new ones. We can assure them good treatment, we are, Yours Truly,

Clarksburg Installment Co.,

Street. Opposite Walker House

## Before the Rush Begins.

New fall suitings and Overcoat materials are all in, many very handsome and exclusive patterns among them quite modest prices.

And now, before the rush begins and while the new fabrics are all here is the best time to leave your measure.

Better facilities than ever for cleaning and pressing.

**CLARKSBURG TAILORING CO.**

Harry R. Smith.

Adams Building, 227 Main Street, CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

## Moved to Boughner Block

Owing to the fire in the Hoff block Friday night the Clifford-Osborn Undertaking Company has moved to the room in the Boughner block on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Neff's bicycle store. dec 9

If you need any harness for your teams, no matter of what kind, you will find it always on hand at Reynolds, Main street. He keeps an up-to-date harness establishment. 8-30t



We will show you

### THE DIFFERENCE

between good and bad laundering.

Work done here is free from the defects which are so numerous in ordinary washing. Button holes are not torn open, collar bands stretched out of shape, collars and cuffs set out with saw edges, nor are shirtseesched or made too blue.

Our work is remarkable for its careful and uniform appearance. The finish is unsurpassed.

Clarksburg Steam Laundry

## TWO VALUABLE KISSES

[Original.]

General Marakoff, stopping at the country house of his friend Vladimir Kobolef, was pacing his room, pausing now and again to pick up a telegram lying on the table. Presently one of his staff who had been summoned entered.

"Captain," said the general, "I have received a message from the St. Petersburg police that a member of the Golden Circle, a nihilist club, has set out from the capital for the purpose of killing the czar, who is journeying in his carriage between the town of J—and the city of Moscow. Unfortunately there is no telegraph line along the route over which he moves, and one can only reach him by courier. Ride to him and warn him of the danger threatening him."

"Yes, general."

"If you fail—Siberia. If you succeed—anything you wish."

The young man hurried out, while Kobolef, who had overheard the conversation, hastened to the room of his daughter.

"Vera," he said, "Captain Alexis Vronsky is about to set out to warn the czar of an attempt to assassinate him. I shall contrive to send you with him that you may delay him."

Vera paled and caught at a chair for support.

Kobolef glanced uneasily at the girl and hurried away to the stables, where he found Vronsky in the act of mounting.

"Where go you, captain?"

"How do I proceed in order to strike the road from Moscow to Moscow?"

"I cannot direct you, but I can send some one with you to show you. No one here knows the route except my daughter."

And he ordered Vera's horse to be saddled.

"Oh, Vera," said Vronsky as they were riding side by side, "what happiness to have you with me! I must reach my goal in time or spend my life as a prisoner in Siberia."

An expression of agony passed over Vera's face.

"Do you know why I am with you? Father sent me to delay you."

"A nihilist?" exclaimed the young man.

"Alas, in me principle is weaker than love! I have confessed to you instead of delaying you."

Kobolef, not content with sending his daughter to thwart Vronsky's effort, sent one of his tenants, Ivanovich, a devoted nihilist, to follow and shoot him if possible. As Vera spoke the last word they heard Ivanovich's horse's hoofs beating the road behind them.

"Ride on," said Vera, "for your life." Vronsky hastily drew her toward him, pressed a kiss on her lips and dashed forward. Vera rode back and met Ivanovich.

"The courier!" she said. "Who sent you. What were you to do?"

"Kill the courier if possible."

"My father directed me to delay him."

"Yes, and for fear you would not succeed I was to shoot him. I know you have been trying to decoy him, for I just saw him kiss you. That kiss saved him. I could not shoot without hitting you."

"How unfortunate! I tell you what to do. Remain here while I ride on. By promising him another kiss I may be able to delay him. When I use this dog whistle, ride forward, and I will take care not to be in the way."

The man was persuaded, and Vera rode on. Vronsky had meanwhile pressed his horse to his utmost, and Vera did not overtake him till she had ridden for more than a mile, and then only because he had met with an accident. She found him standing in the road beside his horse, who had gone lame. Meanwhile Ivanovich, instead of waiting, was riding forward. Indeed, they could hear the sound of his horse's hoofs.

"Take my horse," said Vera.

"One more kiss."

"May it save your life as the last did."

With a quick embrace Vronsky sprang to Vera's horse, mounted and dashed away. In another moment the man following rode up.

"There it is again," he said. "I just came in sight of him and was about to shoot him when he kissed you."

"Give me your horse quick and take mine. It is faster than yours. Catch him."

Ivanovich jumped from his horse.

"Hold my foot while I mount."

In another moment Vera was riding away on Ivanovich's horse, while he ran to Vronsky's and, having mounted, discovered that the horse was lame.

Vera joined Vronsky, and they met with no more delay till they reached a village where fresh horses had been ordered for the czar, and soon after he appeared with his suit. Vronsky gave the warning, and measures were taken for thwarting the assassin.

"And now, your majesty," said Vronsky, "I wish to commend to your notice this girl, who was sent out to delay me and instead delayed a man who followed to shoot me."

"What can I do for you?" asked the czar of Vera.

"Nothing. My associates will find means to kill me."

"Come with me. I will appoint you to service with the empress, and you shall live as we live, in the midst of guards."

Vronsky was made an aid-de-camp on the staff of the emperor, and he and Vera were married. Vera's father was arrested for his part in the plot against the czar and sentenced to death. He was pardoned on condition that the Golden Circle refrain from any attempt to punish his daughter.

MARY ALICE BERESFORD.

## A WOMAN DEPOSITOR.

She Got Her Money, and Got It, Too, the Way She Wanted It.

"One day during the busy season, when every moment was precious," said a bank teller, "a woman presented her passbook and asked to have her money, which amounted to \$3000."

"I always endeavor to save needless work, and, thinking that she intended making a payment to some one who would only redeposit the money, I asked her if she intended handing all the money over to one person; if so a check marked 'good' would answer her purpose as well as the cash, besides saving labor."

"Crushing me with one disdainful look, she replied:

"I wish the money."

"The money was duly handed out in ten dollar bills. After spending some fifteen anxious minutes in her efforts to count the money, all the while licking her fingers regularly, she handed it back to me, all mixed up, with the remark:

"I wish to leave this with you again; I just wanted to see if it was all here."

The following year the operation was repeated, but I was ready for her. The next time I handed her six one hundred dollar bills. Much to my confusion and complete discomfiture, she returned them, saying, 'I want those tens I left you.'

"She got them."—Philadelphia Times.

**How the Ancients Moved Stone.**

An unfinished obelisk found in a quarry at Syene showed how the ancients separated these immense monoliths from the native rock. A groove marking the boundary of the stone contained a number of holes into which wooden wedges were firmly driven. The groove was then filled with water, and the swelled wedges cracked the granite the whole length of the groove. The detached block was then pushed forward upon rollers made from palm trees to a large timber raft on the edge of the Nile, where it remained until the next inundation floated the raft to the city where the obelisk was to be set up.

Thousands of hands then pushed it on rollers up an inclined plane to the front of the temple, where it was to stand. The pedestal had previously been placed in position, and a firm causeway of sand covered with planks led to the top of it. Then by means of rollers, levers and ropes made of date palm the obelisk was gradually hoisted into an upright position. In no case has an obelisk been found to be out of the true perpendicular.

**White Men in Slavery.**

Slavery is so connected in the popular mind with the dusky hue of the African that it seems hard to believe that only about 100 years ago white men could be sold into slavery in New York. It arose through applying the redemption idea to poor immigrants and obtained equally in all the countries of the United Kingdom. A man in England, wishing to come to America, would go to the correspondent of some American house and for a certain sum of money sell himself for a period of from one to three years, as the case might be. Taking the money so raised, he would pay his passage and that of his family to this country. Immediately upon his arrival in New York his "time" would be put up at auction and himself sold to work for the stipulated period before he could be considered a free man. Many men who afterward rose to great prominence came to this country under these distressing conditions.

**To Match His Match.**

An Englishman was in a smoking compartment of a city train a little while back, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite him. When the train had started, the foreigner, noticing the other's cigar, inquired if he could give him one.

The Englishman, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case and saw with disgust the other select the best he could find and take a match from his pocket and light it. After taking a few puffs with evident enjoyment, the German, beaming at his companion through his spectacles, affably continued:

"I could not but droubied you, but I had a match in mein boggit and I did not know vat to do mit it."—Chums.

**A Severe Critic.**

A self conscious and egotistical young clergyman was "supplying" the pulpit of a country church. After the service, says the New York Evening Post, he asked one of the deacons, a grizzled, plain spoken man, what he thought of "this morning's effort."

"Waal," answered the old man slowly, "I'll tell ye; I'll tell ye in a kind o' parable. It reminded me of Sim Peck's fust deer hunt, when he was green. He follered the deer's tracks all right, but he follered 'em all day in the wrong direction."

**Removing Temptation.**

Mother—Gracious! Stop that noise up there. Willie, didn't I tell you not to pull that cat's tail again?

Willie—I ain't pullin' it, ma.

Mother—You must be, or the cat wouldn't scream so.

Willie—No, I ain't. I'm jest cuttin' its tail off short so I can't pull it any more.—Philadelphia Press.

**No Real Grievance.**

Young Wife (with a pout)—So I am a "bird," am I? You used to say I was an angel.

Young Husband—Well, I still give you credit for having wings, don't I?—Chicago Tribune.

The first European city to reach the million in population was Rome (first century A. D); then came London (1801), then Paris (1851).

## EXIT THE CHAPERON

By JANE MEREDITH

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Every one at the Beaconsfield inn had begun to talk about it. This did not make Jim Paxton feel any more cheerful. To be outwitted at every turn by a lynx eyed and indefatigable chaperon was bad enough, but to realize that all the boarders at the summer hotel were enjoying the game was adding insult to injury.

Up to the third Saturday in July Mrs. Davidson had been an ideal chaperon. She averaged three headaches a week, and these demanded seclusion in her darkened room. During the hours she chatted contentedly with other downagers in supreme indifference to the fact that her charge, Eleanor Montgomery, was sitting out every other "extra" on the dim and shadowy porch. She declared that one chaperon on a sailing party was sufficient; so, as young Mrs. Baldwin never got seasick, while Mrs. Davidson invariably succumbed to the uncomfortable sensation, the gay little bride went with the young people on the Bonnie Belle, and Mrs. Davidson read the latest problem novel on the hotel porch.

But on the night of the third Saturday in July Mrs. Davidson underwent a curious change. Vigilance was stamped upon her usually placid features, and she watched Eleanor as if she expected the girl to be kidnapped and held for a ransom. Simultaneously with the appearance of these symptoms Jim Paxton, joyfully anticipating three weeks of Eleanor's society, arrived at the inlet.

Eleanor, clad in a fetching frock of white mohair, with a spreading collar of deep blue that opened to show her graceful throat, was on the porch when the wagonette drove up from the station. The other girls, whose elaborate but diaphanous gowns had yielded to the inexorable sea air, looked limp and colorless beside Eleanor. Jim Paxton recalled with a certain pride of possession that he had never seen her when she was not well dressed. He could imagine her in lustrous velvet presiding over his dinner table, with the old Paxton plate and the damask that the Paxtons had for years imported from a certain Dublin firm.

After he had greeted her, and incidentally and perforce a number of other people of no consequence whatever from his point of view, he retired to his room. The first thing he did was to take from his grip a small package wrapped in heavy white paper. Next came a tissue paper of palest blue, then a deep blue case, just the color of Eleanor's eyes, and last a stone that blazed against its nest of satin like a comet in a starless heaven.

"It's nerry, sure enough, to bring this down," he said, turning the ring to the light. "But I don't believe she's



HE WAS SITTING ON THE PIER TALKING WITH JEAN BROWN.

been blind all winter, and she's not the sort to lead a fellow on." He laid the jewel case on the dressing table and beside it seven photographs of Eleanor and a thick bunch of letters. They seemed to justify the purchase of the ring. Then he dressed for the evening, slipping the ring into his pocket, with the thought, "I'll have this on her finger before forty-eight hours have passed."

But he had not reckoned on Mrs. Davidson. Before half of the forty-eight hours had passed he realized that something had come between him and the girl of his heart. Before the given term had expired he realized that the something was Eleanor's chaperon. Then he sat down calmly and took account of stock. Eligible?—good family. Exclusive? Not so much so. No blot on the scutcheon that he knew of. Rich? Yes, much better off than the Montgomerys and in a conservative way. Rather good looking; well dressed always; belonged to the requisite number of clubs of the requisite standing; could lead a german; was a fairly good whip; never had been recognized as a bore. Great heavens! What did the woman expect of her niece's fiancé?

For how could he know that years before his rich old bachelor uncle had trifled with the heart of Winnie Blake, now Mrs. Prescott Davidson? How could he know the bitterness with which the sensitive girl had watched the illusions of her first love affair fall like a mist at her feet? She had known so little and he so much.

Mrs. Davidson had been abroad during the winter and knew nothing

the growing attachment between her niece and young Paxton, but from the moment of his arrival she devoted herself to felling his every effort to be alone with Eleanor. Her headaches mysteriously disappeared. She assumed an interest in sailing that was diligently supported by a newfangled cure for seasickness. At the hops she no longer chafed in the dowagers' corner, but her eyes watched Eleanor's every movement. Clambakes became a source of delight, and her capacity for long walks discouraged the resourceful Jimmy.

Two weeks were almost gone, and the ring still lay in his pocket. He was sitting on the pier, talking with Jean Brown, Eleanor's most intimate friend. There was a twinkle in Jean's eyes, and, taking courage, he poured his trouble in her sympathetic ears, finally working himself up into a fine fury.

"Diplomacy, diplomacy," urged Jean when he stopped at last, only, however, from lack of breath. "You're going on the wheeling trip to the Point tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Davidson even rides a wheel."

"Well, I'm going down to the village now. I believe I can find a cure for her wheeling fad. Personally I think it's bad form for a woman of her age to ride, even to protect her niece. Goodby."

Jean went away smiling, and Jim felt strangely comforted. That night when they met in the dim corridor Jean slipped something into his hand. It was a gray cube and it felt like pasteboard. He glanced at her curiously.

"The antidote for an overdose of chaperon. I'll leave the rest to you."

When the bicyclers started out the next morning, something was wrong with Eleanor's wheel. With commendable patience Jim tinkered at it, while Mrs. Davidson, looking remarkably natty in her English made suit, watched the rest of the party steadily growing dimmer down the firm beach road.

At last the trio started, and at the first smooth stretch of road Jimmy offered Eleanor a "box of the best" if she'd beat him to the party now rounding the cliffs. She was off like the wind, never looking back to see whether Jimmy was gaining on her. Once she thought she heard a feminine scream not unlike Mrs. Davidson's, but she did not dare to look back.

When she dashed into the merry group at the Point there was a chorus of questions. "Where is dear Mrs. Davidson?" And Jimmy Paxton, tearing breathlessly after her, explained shamelessly that Mrs. Davidson's tire had been punctured at the first bend in the road and she'd decided to go back. When the Paxton-Montgomery wedding occurred, the groom did the unconventional thing. He presented the maid of honor with a souvenir of the occasion, for, as he explained:

"Jean, you gave me a five cent box of tacks once, beside which this measly sunburst pales into insignificance."

**A Story of John Randolph.**

The Philadelphia Times tells a good story of John Randolph, that descendant of Pocahontas who figured so brilliantly in congress as a representative of Virginia. He was once accused on the piazza of a hotel by a young blade who had been boasting of his acquaintance with Randolph and who thought he could bluff the Virginian into speaking to him "before the admiring guests of the hostelry. He planted himself before Randolph and saluted him with:

"Good morning, senator!"

"Morning," replied Randolph without the faintest sign of recognition.

"Fine day, senator."

"A fact apparent to everybody, sir," came from the Virginian.

"Er—what is going on, senator?" persisted the cad, flushing under the rebuffs of the senator.

"I am, sir."

Wild with indignation, the accoster made a detour, met Randolph face to face on another part of the porch and, planting himself firmly in the way, declared:

"I never turn out for any low, mean, sneaking, contemptible puppy!"

"I always do," said Randolph mildly as he stepped to one side and continued his promenade.

**Mozart's Requiem.**

One night came a stranger, knocking at Mozart's door, and commanded: "Write me a mass for the dead."

"Surely my hour is almost come," said the musician. "I must write."

And again came the stranger in the night and asked:

"Is the mass for the dead ready for the playing?"

The tension of toll was tightened. The Harmonies, filled with such rapture as only immortal spirits know, did their utmost. The musician lay dead, with the requiem mass in his hand.

The next night came the stranger, querying:

"Is the mass for the dead complete?"

In the wonder and majesty of the stars the seven Harmonies went their way. Their light left a quiver of light like that a burning meteor streaks across the affrighted sky. The soul of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart winged back to the place of souls, and the body was tumbled into a pauper's grave—a grave in which two others rested, very humble and much worn with toll. No stone marks the spot. The place has been forgotten.—Mrs. W. Peattie in Atlantic.

**Unappreciative.**

"I think, my dear," said the mother as the daughter sat at the piano and let a few notes escape, "we should have her

to have her

"All

fath